

A Silly Idea

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Category: PokÃ©mon

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:08:49

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,323

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Ash finds out who his dad is. . . . after quite a bit of talking with his mother. After she breaks the news to him, he gets rather...upset. Cut off on the last part, I'll fix that soon
^_^;

A Silly Idea

All these characters are owned by _____ and yadda yadda yadda. I'm not getting a penny out of this so blah blah blah.

A Silly Idea

By Mei-chan

Tis a bright, sunny day, like all days, in the happy little town called Pallet. A mother is preparing her son and his friends lunch.

"Did you remember to change your underwear?" she asked, not caring that her son's friends were gathered around the table as well.

Misty blinked at the question. Try as she might, she couldn't understand why Ash's mom always asked that. Everyone knew that Ash didn't change his underwear, he was just too busy trying to become a Pokemon master. Right?Right?

Tracey was just glad the question wasn't directed towards him.

Ash stared fixatedly at his soup plate. He didn't hear his mothers question, as he had long ago learned to ignore her harmless, but otherwise just plain stupid, comments.

He didn't say anything. His strongest instincts took hold of him, and in seconds, his plate was empty.

"Well...thanks for the food, mom"

"We'll be going now, Mrs. Ketchum. The meal was delicious."

"I even drew a picture of you. Wanna see? Oh, and you wouldn't happen to know where Professor Oak is, would you?"

"Oh...Professor Oak." Ash's mother's eyes glazed over. There had been a reason to invite her son to eat lunch, she knew it. And it had something to do with Professor Oak. What was it? Oh yes, now she remembered.

Ash, Misty, and Tracey, getting no vocal answer from the woman, quickly filed out the door.

"Wait! You asked about Professor Oak..? He's at Gary's house." said Hanako(1)

Ash looked shocked. It was the first time in a long, long, time that his mother had actually said something helpful. Hmm...maybe all the time she spent with Brock last time was actually paying off. Wait, no, Brock never said anything helpful. It just **had** to be that Mr. Mime his mother had gotten. Worked miracles around the house, anyways.

Tracey rushed out the door. He couldn't **wait** to meet Professor Oak, his idol! Oh, to think he even got to talk to him on the phone once or twice, and now he was going to meet him? His luck couldn't get any better. But..who was Gary? And where was his house?

"Misty? Where's Gary's house?" asked Tracey, hopping from one foot to the other impatiently. To finally meet his hero, Professor Oak!

"Oh, yeah...umm, its..around. Ash?"

"Yeah, its in Pallet town....lets see...no, I don't remember...well, I'm sure you can find it. Just walk around. its a small place." Ash shook his head. He couldn't remember lots of things, lately.

"Pika?"

Maybe it was the constant thundershocks. In any case, it didn't matter. Or **did** it? Hee-eeey, was Pikachu affecting his intelligence? Did the thundreshocks fry his brain cells as well?

While Ash pondered on what Misty and Pikachu already knew, and Tracey would soon find out, his friends went out the door, eager to find good ol' Professor Oak. (At least Tracey was.)

Out the door went Ash too, following Tracey, Misty, AND Pikachu, like a Lemming to his fate, when his mother grabbed him by the collar.

"Ash, we need to talk."

"huh?" came his not-so-bright response.

"We need to have a serious talk."

"Sure...ok" Ash sat down on the couch, next to his mother.

"You know, when you started your journey to become a Pokemon master, I said your father would be proud of you?"

Ash remembered, but he really couldn't see why it mattered. "Sure."

"And...I've been thinking...do you even *know* who your father is?"

"No. Do you?"

"I think I've come to terms with the truth, and I'm ready to share it with the you."

"Oh. Thats good. Later, ok?" Ash got up again, ready to leave.

"Wait! Arent you just dying to know?"

"Not exactl..." Ash gave up trying to protest. When it came to his mother, he just couldn't say no. And besides, he was sort of curious about the whole thing anyway. "Ok, tell me."

Ash's mom smiled brightly. "I'll give you three guesses!"

Ash groaned inwardly. Here we go again, he thought.

"Go on, three guesses!"

This time Ash groaned loudly. "Mom...I'm kind of on the run."

"..." Hanako gave her son a frown. This wouldn't do. He had to know the truth.

"Ok, ok, is it...hmm...I give up" Ash turned to leave once more, eager to catch up with his friends.

"Its...." his mom started, giving up on the guessing game. He might as well know the truth.

"yes?" Ash leaned forward eagerly. He'd always wanted to know who his father was. If there were no guessing games involved, that is.

"Professor Oak!" She declared triumphantly, very proud of herself for finally telling him.

"WHAT?"

"He's your father, sweetheart."

"WHAT?"

"Are your ears ok? I said he_is_your_DADDY!"

Ash's eyes went through several stages of daze, shock, and denial.

"No. No."

"Yes! Yes!"

"He's...noooo!"

Ash's mom looked positively puzzled. She couldn't figure out why it was such a big deal. She had to cheer him up, somehow.

"That makes you Gary's uncle, sweetie!"

That seemed to make him even more upset. Oh dear.

"Just think about it, darling. Think of all those special Pokemon that he'll give you now! And now we know where you got those wonderful brains from!"

Tears poured down Ash's cheeks. Could it be that his genius was a product of genes, not of his own wonderful mind? All his plans for the future were reduced to smoldering, well...ashes.

His mother looked at her clock. It was getting late. She really had to get rid of him, somehow. Professor Oak would be paying a visit soon, after all.

"Aren't your friends waiting?" She asked sweetly, trying to mask her diminishing patience.

Getting no answer from her son, she kicked him out the door.

He just lay there, still in an almost comatose-denial-state of shock.

When his friends finally found him, seeing his face, they asked him what was wrong.

By then, Ash had composed himself a little, and told the humanely pair (or trio, if you count Pikachu) what the problem was.

Misty, Tracey, and Pikachu found themselves having trouble believing it. But if Ash said it, it must be true. And they *did* look somewhat alike...

Tracey looked at Ash with new-found respect. The son of the Professor! The Great Professor! Therefore, the Great Ash. That was to be his new nickname. Much better than Ashie-boy.

Misty didn't understand what the big deal was about. It was like, so obvious since the start. She'd figured Oak was Ash's dad. It was either him or Giovanni.

Pikachu ran over to console Ash. Being his Pokemon, Pikachu knew what Ash needed right now. He was, after all, his best friend. The yellow blob #2 (#1 is Pysduck) Pika-ed and allowed Ash to rest his head on him for a second.

Friends help friends, right?

So it was only natural that the very next day Tracey asked Ash to

(1) Ash's mom is Hanako. I found this out while watching Revelation Lugia, I think. In any case, it was really useful. Can't just go around calling Ash's mom: Ash's mom.

All feedback, like comments (very welcome) and criticism (not welcome, but accepted) are desperately needed. This is my very first fanfic, after all, so be gentle. Oh well. Just send me anything, and I'll take it. Really!

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file.